

Clinton, Purser & Arnold,
to their Countrey men where soeuer.

Wherein is described by their own hands
their vnfeigned penitence for their offences
past: their patience in welcoming their
Death, & their duetiful minds to-
wardes her most excellent
Maieslie.



L O N D O N

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L Ordinges that list to heare a Dreery tale,
where euery Comma shewes a *Corosine* :
Set mirth apart, and strike your pleasant saile,
my sighes may serue your loaden barkes to driue,
alongst the Shore where sorrowes Ships arriue :
Whose case is such as when you shall haue scand
Say as you see, and set my sighes on land.

Not long since then, I held a haplesse Shippe,
precisely rigg'd, and furnisht for the nones :
Whome nothing craz'd, till fortune gan to trippe,
and dasht my state so stilly gainst the stones,
as brake my Barke, and brused all my bones :
But if I say, my sinne deseru'd the same,
In telling truth I merite meaner blame.

When red as bloud the Horizon appear'd,
about the doore, which letteth forth the day,
And when the moone, the mist had scarce ycleerd,
amidst the Seas, we furrowed forth our way
with hope before that harbored our decay.
But who too late preuentes alluring charmes,
With vs too soone shall sorrow for his harmes.

Two lofty saile, from out the louely *East*
it was our hap unhaply to descrie :
I wish they had bene further in the *West*,
when gracelesse we to grette them came so nie.
But who fares well, whome fortune doth desie.
We stoupt, we strake, and vaild, when we had seene,
The Armes of England, and our noble Queene.

We knew the Lion would not hurt the Lambe,
it was not feare, that for'd vs to be faint,
from hoater broyles, too late we Victors came,
to know our frendes we neuer made it quaint,
when we gan yeeld, there needed no constraint,
for both my conscience, and my God can tell
I euer wish't my Queene and country well.

But yet eftsfoones, we at her mercy are,
for Life, or Death: as God and She shall please;
These be the Notes, that make my Musicke iarre,
these be the Cliffes, to wit, my want of ease:
these be the sorrowes, which succede the Seas:
This is the Comma and the Corosiuue too
That bidge me more then some suppose they doe.

And therefore sith you see our case is such,
it shall not hurt to lend vs your lament:
Though euill tongues abuse vs ner so much,
inagining vntruthes of our entent,
there is a God can their despight preuent.
What though the weake be driuen to the wall,
Tis foule to triumph in an others fall.

I holpe the helpleffe, but it was my worst,
good countrey men, with conscience way my case:
In deede I shot, but they discharged first
how could I choose but take it in disgrace,
when they so fierce, deside me to my face.
Admit I slew a marchant by my shot,
Good frends forgiue me for I wish't it not.

For if I had I might haue harmed them more,
then I or did or deigned to desire
But th' English still I lou'd on Sea and Shore,
though they return'd me hatred for my hire.
when I am dead they haue what they require.
Yet I forget, forgiue and pardon those,
Whome I befriended to become my foes.

But some could say, as secrefe as they seeme,
through our supposites some perils they had past:
But stricken downe, who dares of vs esleeme:
they lie not now, but they haue faund as fast,
when forren foes had made them all agast:
when they haue crept, and croucht to vs for aide,
Like harmelesse birdes, whome falcones make afraid.

When euen the Purser, with his peece on Poope,
in steele of Captaine, carefully hath stode:
In their defence, to make the Stallants stoope,
but his reward is wandried to the wood,
and they forget that ere he did them good.
But were they now as weake, as erst they were,
Then would they with the silly Purser there.

Some faithlesse French are pleas'd to see perhaps,
that his good will hath wrought him this reward:
Clapping their hands to heare of his mishaps,
which had his Realme and rightes in such regard,
and bet them backe, that els your Martes had mard:
But looke abroad, haue care vnto your Roades,
And cleanse your Coastes, of such vnseemely Toades.

As for my selfe, I owe a due to Death,
and I respect it not, in that I die:
Onely the manner of my losse of breath,
is cause that I for soune compassion cry,
My soule is farr'd, where ere my body lie.
This makes me sigh, that faith vnto my frend,
hath brought me thus, to this vntunely end.

Thomas Walton *alias* Purser.





NE in furore, oh my soueraigne God,
reproue me not in wrath I thee desire:
Let it suffice that with thy gracious rod,
I meekely take my death (of sinne the hire)
no flesh may stand in thy consuming ire.
I aske no more to thou my sinnes forgiue,
Tis one to me if I do dy or liue.

What els is life but as a sonny day,
which euerie cloude discoloureth and o'recastes
What els is life but as we vse to say,
the more agreend the longer that it lasts,
what els is life but like to sodaine blasts,
what els is life but being good or ill,
The very meanes our soules to saue or spill.

Then louely friendes and such whose hap shal be,
to heare or read the tenor of my tale
As you haue cause coniecture so of me,
whose blisseful life was neuer free from bale,
t'were vaine thus late to set my selfe to sale.
I le say the sooth as God shal make me able,
For condemnnd men haue litle cause to fable.

First then suppose that you in presence see,
an aged man of no great personage
Yet of a minde as many others bee
more nobly bent then seemed by mine age,
who amongst the thickest thrust vnto the Stage.
To breath abroad from my constrained brest,
The smoaky reekes of mine extreame unrest:

Arnold I hight by birth a gentleman,
of honest parents and in Hamshire borne
well left to line when haplesse I began,
in Th' Irish bogges a Soldier to be sworne,
howbeit a Priest was cause of all my scorne.
A worthlesse Priest a Priest of such despise,
As shadoweth that which should haue giuen vs light.

This spitefull Priest too rough in his reuenge,
as one that sought to keepe me vnder awe
My scarcefull purse not prelatelike did clenge
by busy sute wherein I was too rawe,
as seemed by the litch I got by law.
Whose lewde demurs to lengthen out their fees
Consume my furies and clapt me by in freese.

This made me first to set my farmes to sale,
this Droue poore Arnall out of house and home
When I as rich as he that begs his ale,
amongst my friendes enforced was to come,
but friendes are fendes when friendship should be shone.
For when my cause they thoroughly vnderstood,
They said they green'd but could not do me good.

What rested then when this outragious Priest
had wrackt me thus that neuer did him wrong
What rested then when fees my coyne had sleeced,
that rest my friendes in whome I hopt so long
nought as I saw but euen to sing this song.
From such bad Priestes, law bribes, and friendes Sanz faith,
Deliu' all good men poore Arnold saith.

After a while though band, with bell and booke
by God and mine endeuor I obtaine
A silly Barke and to the Seas betooke
the crazed bones wherein such sorrow raignd
but soone I lost what I so lightly gaind.
My Barke was spoyld and I on Moore was set.
For spitefull hay to plague me better yet.

Strife, sorrow, cold, and many a care
gan brge me now as fiercely as before
But as the subtilt slyly slick their ware
in hope to pryse their marchandies the more,
not recking wrong so they increase their store.
So fortune chose to vse her finest charme,
When sooth to say, she sought my greatest harne.

For after this, vpon our English Coast,
from frenchmen there, a Pinnace Purser tooke
Of whose braue courage Brittain well might boast,
if so they list in his exploytes to looke
but idle ease can no aduentures brooke.
Purser on me this Pinnase straight bestowde,
Which wrought my paine and yet his pitie shewde.

Hence grew my grieve here gan my bale abound,
this was the path that led me forth to paine
There ran the Sea which my decay did sound,
thence came the cause that queld me once againe,
and yet of Purser can I not complaine
He franckly gaue what I too freely vsde
Then blame not him for I his giftes abuse.

On Seas I met a sort of faithles french,
that through a leake their ship had welny lost
But I in pittie sought the same to stench,
for which good deed they bad me fare wel frost,
a tunne of coales nought els my labour cost.
These coales by law the Jury did conuart,
To such a case as cooles me at the hart.

Short tale to make of force I must confesse
my God my life no longer would deferre
My Prince displeasde that I did so digresse,
to warne the rest that otherwise might erre
to cut me off, it also pleased her.

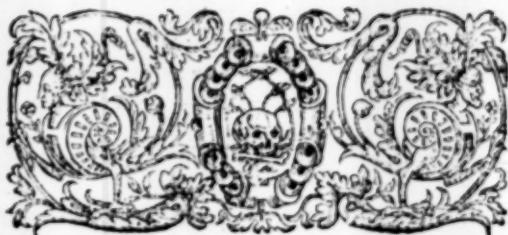
Yet liues he not that can in conscience say,
Purser or Arnold made one English praye.

But we abuse our Princes league and law,
through which in deed we did deserue to dye
For if we liue not vnder soueraigne awe
but senselesse seeke our owne securitie
the publike weale would perish presently.
As for my selfe as bitter as it is,
Welcome sweete Death for I haue done amis.

This onely restes that my example charme
all other men heare after to beware
For feare themselues incurre as great a harme,
as we whose proofes of such importance are,
let rage and rigor amongst Deuines be rare,
For God he knowes that his extremitie
was onely cause of my first miserie.

He brocht my bale but his abode in lawes
confunde my selfe and soakte my substance drye
No other like when men will strine for strawes,
which (though he caus'd) yet I forgieue him I
and quyetly I am content to dye.
Fare well vaine world with thine aluring shewes,
And welcome Death the end of all my woes.

FINIS Arnold.





Clinton to his Countrey men

Amongst the most not least in his lamentg,
give Clinton leaue to waile his inward woes
Whose soze mishap whose sharpe and hard cuents
sufficient methode for his matter shewes
but who can alter what the Heauens dispose.
Let mortall men determine what they list,
The heauenly powers their purpose can resist.

Then mourne with me the stay of vaine estate,
whose bricke steps are slippery and vnsecure
What though proude Fortune puffd vp with hate,
vnstably thus my timeles end procure,
I recke her not her rage can not endure.
Her greatest triumph I esteeme as toyes,
For why my hope disharboys mine annoyes.

Though not my powert yet may inypitious plaintes
without offence be thrust amongst the rest
Alas my Lordings what they are not Saintes,
is sinne vnseene because it is suppress:
no, God doth seareh the secretes of the brest.
And surely such are more then in this vntuise.
That thinke sinne safe, not seene with mortall eyes.

The bushie wood, the grow, th obscured hert,
the secret caue, the sugging furrowed Seas
Whereon to venture I too ventrous durst
as now I feele vnto my want of ease
lie plaine as plats whē th' heuently power that please.
No ship so swift their speedy passage make
But with a strice he can them ouer take.

Welsh, worldly wit, Ambitionoz Renowne,
nor ought on earth so parmanent abides
But fickle Fortune sometime pulg them down,
so baine we are, so soone our honor slides,
so trustlesse we, whose mirth so mischiese glydes.
Our paines endure our pleasures are but short,
But what auailes the heedlesse to exhort.

My selfe sometime not least in Fortunes loue
may best giue instance of her great disgrace
Which whilom liude amidst the heaue and shoue.
and mongst the proudest gaine the chiefest place,
till trustlesse we gan turne away her face.
Till we (too warpe) returnd me checke and mate
And topside turuey turned mine estate.

Besides my selfe who bare so braue a sway,
who raigned more then I that ruld the roast:
Who durst resist if I did him gainsay:
and boldly be it spoke withouten boast,
who more then Clinton scowrd in euery coast
who holpe the helplesse more, (say what they shall)
Then Clinton did that came at euery call.

A world to see how wretched tongues are bent,
to thunder forth the fables which they faine
who with their lewde illusions so content,
they blaze abroad what commeth in their braine,
when (God he knowes) they wot not what they sayen
Condemning Clinton for the truelest Rouer,
That euer said Sien, and yet their mouthes run ouer

Yet such they are, as worke my present woe
as vnacquainted with my better Deedes
And I haue rescude many as they know,
but my good workes are choaked vp with weedes,
such bankered malice their supposes feedes.
The Londoners whereof I neede not boast
Regard me least whome I haue fauoured most.
But

But who can cure so bendinuous a lie,
as flauanders forge in credulous conceales
My nommed hart that frozen was before,
for thought of this amidst my sorrowes sweates.
their false report like rust my credit eates.
Their double tongues although they do me wrong,
Are onely cause I sing this Swanlike songe.

Poorer I that sought to pleasure each opprest,
poorer I that sought to cure anothers paine
Poorer I that watcht when others tooke their rest,
poorer I that did my countries cause maintaine
poorer I that sau'd, must now my selfe be flaine.
Poorer I that wisht my Queene and countries welth
Am now suppress, but hope vpholdes my helth.

Then giue me leaue to breath abroad my moanes,
whose life or death my Prince may take or giue
And though they stand like stockes & senseles stones
whome I haue holpe whilst I in hap did liue,
and sooner might haue fild an emptie siue.
The time hath bene when they to please me prest,
But now they dare not cause, I am distrest.

who more my foes then whome I pleased most
who seeke my life, but such as plaine of peace
who digge my graue, who persecute my ghost,
who to procure my ruin sooner please,
Then hate and flaunder coupled in a lease:
But God is iust and he in mercie will,
forgiue my sins and plague them for their ill.

Loe Lordings thus I leaue my last adue
for you to scan what ere of me become
Twere vaine for me to tell that were vntrue,
you may belieue what I herein haue done
my paine is past though yet my glasse doth runne:
This grieues me most that many a poorer man lackes
The gelt that I haue giuen the Sea by sakes.

FINIS.

Clinton.